



[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
TIME'S LAST PICTURE.

BY D. M. F. WALKER.

Room after Time's early production was spilled,
He saw that all future attempts would be futile;
Whenever he touched his old brocade again,
They always would leave an indelible stain.

So, borrowing paints from an artist on high,
Who painted, with sunrise, the stars in the sky,
He asked him to sketch on canvas, a plan—
The artist drew out the redemption of man.

Then gave him a book of receipts, plans and rules,
Which never will witness pain, sorrow or tears;
And bade him cheer his life to the letter,
If he would succeed this time any better.

And now being started anew with his trade,
A last and great effort Time cheerfully made;
He put in the foreground the altar of Love,
Whose incense was wafted to heaven above.

The dark blood of Justice, which hung in the sky,
He dipped in the blood of the Lamb from on high;
Then planted the cross high on Calvary's hill,
That all who will look may be saved if they will.

And now in the background a city appears,
Which never will witness pain, sorrow or tears;
Its streets are bright, golden, its gates shining pearl;
And Satan in vain may his works at its hurt.

Old Time's yet at work, but his picture's not done,
For all his bright glories seem blend into one;
The Lamb on his throne, with all crowns at his feet,
And all his saints round him, will make it complete.

The mighty Archangel's trump then will blow,
Till all the dark spirits shall tremble and know
The battle is fought, the victory won,
Masked are reformers, and Time's work is done.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DESERTED WIGWAM.

BY MRS. SOPHONIA CURRIER.

AMONG the most and interesting objects which
everywhere meet the eyes of the emigrant from
the Eastern States to the western prairie, nothing
has more engaged my attention than the
ruins of a small Indian village found not many
miles distant from the place where I have made
my home.

Like a shadow the red man passed away, yet
he left many traces behind him. His trail
is found on the unbroken prairie, running from
one stream of water and the grove which
always overshadows it, to another; and even in
places where a score of years has passed since
the path has been trodden, it is still there, clearly
defined as ever, stretching along like a dark
serpent, through the tall, thick grass.

Many a time in riding over the prairie, I have
made my horse follow the Indian trail, to con-
vince myself that the somewhat popular belief
that the path will never become grass-over-
grown, till the surface of the earth has been
turned over, is ill-founded; but I have not yet
discovered a blossoming plant, nor a single tuft
of grass, infringing on that narrow footway.

"It is the foot of the straying beast which
preserves the trail," I remarked to an Indian.

But the old warrior, so the many scars on that
broad, dark brow and the muscular arm
showed him to be, shook his head and answered
glomly, that they were the marks of the Great
Spirit, and nothing would efface them but the
hand of the people whom he permitted for a
time to lift itself above the head of the children.
When he spread out the wide prairie that the
buffalo and the deer might fatten for the red
man's meat, dug deep in the earth that his chil-
dren might find the water fresh and cool, and
planted beside it the thick forest that their wig-
wams might be sheltered from the great fiery
eyes of summer, and the hurricane breath of winter,
his lightning described those lines to mark the
land the home of his children.

"But," and the dim eyes brightened, as he
said it, "the trail shall not be all lost on the
prairie, till the red man returns to the lands
where his fathers are buried."

Ah, the poor Indian! The flint arrowheads
are often found on the prairie; and the past an-
tennae, in digging up for the purpose of trans-
planting it, a strange, beautifully-blossoming
plant, I had the good fortune to find beneath
its roots a stone hatchet. The edge was broken
and placed downward in the earth; and, on ex-
amining its immediate neighborhood in search
of other relics, I found that a circle had been
described around the spot by the removal of a
narrow strip of sod. I stood then on ground
sacred to the Indian, and here the hatchet was
literally buried.

It was foolish, no doubt, but such a train
of thoughts rushing through my mind, that I could
not forbear returning it to the spot where the
red man had placed it, and setting the uprooted
plant above it. The place is far out upon the
prairie, and now miles distant from a human
habitation; may it be long before the plough
passes over the spot! Yet when every other
trace of him shall disappear, the Indian will be
remembered by the beautiful names he has given
to the pleasant groves, the wide-spreading prairies,
and the clear, gem-like flowing waters.

In the neighborhood of my home, very few
vestiges of the settlements of the Indians are to
be found; in fact, I know of none but the ruins
of the little village before referred to, and these are
so much decayed that but for the existence near
them of a small, rude hut, which may stand for
years longer, if unmolested by the hand of man,
and unvisited by the old giant oak which
hangs at once threateningly and threateningly
above it—would scarcely be observed by the
traveller.

Here and there is a heap of partially charred
logs, lying around a spot where the earth is hard
and verdant, but the decaying substances of
which the wigwams were built, have mostly dis-
appeared, and the stones which sometimes made
them chimneys, have helped to wall the cellars
and wells of the settlers; and one is pained at
the inference which must be drawn from the fact
—in a spot which was undoubtedly the burying-
ground of the Indians, there are little cavities

in the earth, as if stones had recently been dis-
lodged thence.

"The deserted wigwam," as the yet undecay-
ed building is called, was from appearances
much better constructed than the other habita-
tions of the settlement; and it has not been dis-
turbed beyond the taking from it of the thick
matting—a portion of which was left when it
was torn away from the logs to which it was
confined,—which served for a door, and a curtain
for the aperture which looked out upon the
prairie; and the now delicate fabric of woven
grasses and yellow and scarlet-dyed rushes with
which the whole interior wall, it is said, was
once tapestried, and perhaps, since the rude fire-
place is broken down, some of the stones of which
it was constructed.

The wigwam, so many sided that undoubtedly
it was intended as nearly as possible to make
it a circular form, is built of small logs, the
interstices between them being filled with a yellow
clay, which is also spread over a portion of
the wall. This plastering, which is quite hard
and smooth, is covered with hieroglyphical fig-
ures, some tolerably well executed; but the most
of them are grotesque and horrible. In every
part of the dwelling where it was possible to
place one, these symbolic figures are found.
Indeed, the wigwam itself seems to be a hiero-
glyphic in its circular form, its square door and
its triangular window. But it is situated in
what was the burial-ground of the Indians, and
looked out upon the prairie, stretching far away
towards the setting sun.

It was near the close of a fine autumn day
that I stood by the door of the little wigwam.
The warm, gentle breeze was waving the tall,
ripe grass, over which large flocks of quails and
prairie chickens were hovering; bending the
proud heads of the myriad bright-tinted flowers,
and making the light, fleecy clouds—skirted by
the blue of the setting sun, which seemed to
hang halfway between the blue, serene heaven
and the glad, blooming earth, as if uncertain to
which it most belonged—chase each other far
away to the east.

The deep, narrow stream on whose banks the
wigwam stood, was flowing so calmly and
smoothly, that it seemed a clear mirror, into
which that line of crimson-fruited shrubs, and
the tall, dark-leaved trees were looking;
only now and then was its surface rippled by
the finny tribe within its bosom, or the dropping
of a leaf from those waving tree-tops.

Not a human being was to be seen; but the
bounding of a prairie wolf over the plains to-
wards a thick, hazel copse, told that a hunter
might be near, though we heard no report from
his rifle.

It was a beautiful scene, and so quiet! One
cannot imagine how unbroken is the silence that
reigns over the vast prairie, when the breeze is
hushed.

"No wonder the Indian loved his home," I
said, as my eyes wandered over that rich, wide-
spread prairie; "no wonder that he passed his
life with such reluctance! What powerful com-
pensation must have agitated the bosom of the oc-
cupant of this dwelling, when he stood here,
where we are standing, and gazed for the last
time, on the scene that we are contemplating!"

The lady whom I addressed turned suddenly
her dark, eagle eyes towards me, and an ex-
pression almost of terror was described on her
countenance. "I was certain that a shudder
passed over her frame, and the deep rose-tint
which mantled the round cheek of the beautiful
brunette gave place to an extreme pallor. But she
regained her composure immediately, and said,
with a smile:

"You must not laugh at my emotion. I can
never think of him who once resided here with-
out shuddering; especially when he was, as
you say, contemplating this scene for the last
time. If it will not weary you, I will tell you
what I have learned respecting the old Indian.
But we will not go into the dwelling. I have
never yet done so, though I have many times
peeped through the window and the open door.
You will smile at me, no doubt, but I confess to
be superstitious enough to deter me from enter-
ing the deserted wigwam."

I sat down on the grassward beneath the
wide-spread oak, and the young lady related to
me, in substance, the following story:

"The only individual who, beside his daughter,
ever slept beneath the roof of the deserted
wigwam, was an old Indian who was known not
only by the white settlers of the region, but by
his own people, by no other name than the medi-
cine man. He was the son of the wise man
among the Indians, and his father foresaw, as
he believed, a brilliant destiny for him, and he
gave him a name expressive of his future glory.
But it was an evil omen which his father gave him,
and a false prophecy was uttered by him, and when years had passed, the son
cursed the name his father had given him, and
all who should thereafter call him by another
title than that of the medicine man, for he had
found only bitterness in them all. In all the
tribe there was not an arm like his, and no one
spoke words of such wisdom as did he; and yet
only the timid deer ever fell by his arrow, and
his counsels always brought distress and ruin to
his people. The most beautiful women of the
tribe became his brides, but his embraces were to
their loveliness, like that of death, and though
many fair, robust children gambolled about his
wigwam, only one, the youngest, a fragile, timid
girl, outlived his short-lived wiles. So fragile
and soft-hearted was the child, Wee-no-na, that
her prolonged existence gave her father greater
pain than did the premature death of his other
children; and for her earliest youth he believed
—that she was, his misery on earth would be
consummated through her.

"The child only learned enough of the feel-
ings of her parent towards her to change what-
ever of love his coldness and austerity would
have allowed her to cherish for him to unming-
led dread and awe.

Wee-no-na was only in her third year when
her father, coming to the name by which he was
before been known, renounced his former mode
of life, gave the sovereignty of his people to
another, and building with his own hands alone,
a wigwam among the graves of his fathers, shut
himself out from all intercourse with his tribe.
He was with them but not of them. Everywhere
among the Indians he went, whether they were
the friends or the foes of the tribe to which he
belonged, and to both alike his presence brought
a feeling of mingled fear and security.

"But his own dwelling was free from intru-
sion. As has been before observed, no one be-
side his daughter ever slept beneath his roof;
nor was the matting which served as a door to
his wigwam, ever lifted by any one that bore not
on his arm a mystic sign placed there by the
medicine man himself, and it was but a very few
years before that, should he enter the charmed
dwelling without that sign upon his arm, the
direst calamity would befall him, not from the
hand of its occupant, but from the spirits which
haunted the place—the demons that from his
birth had followed the medicine man.

"Whatever the Indian himself believed, he
imposed the conviction fully on the mind of his
brethren, that the prosperity of the tribe de-
pended entirely on him; and during the Black
Hawk war, the belief spread through all the al-
lied nations, that the success of their arms rested
much on the influence which the medicine man
could at times exert over the spirits of darkness.

"Perhaps he was little known among the white
settlers beyond his immediate neighborhood; but
among the Indians, Rising Sun was celebrated
as Black Hawk himself, who more than once
visited the medicine man in his wigwam, probably
not because he had any sympathy with the popu-
lar belief, but by fostering their superstitions
to attach the tribe to which the old Indian be-
longed, more strongly to himself; and it might
be so gainful to him, from which could not
otherwise be obtained, for the medicine man was
continually passing from one tribe to another, yet
often going even when the war was raging most
fiercely between the red men and their enemies,
into the settlements of the latter; his knowledge
of the nature and cure of a very prevalent and
dangerous disease being everywhere a safeguard to
him.

"Nearly a score of years had elapsed since the
medicine man had been known by that name, and
time had not passed over him lightly. But it
was more the hardships and deprivations to
which he voluntarily subjected himself, which had
blunted his sensibilities and debilitated that
once agile form, and perhaps more than either,
a weariness and exhaustion of mind induced by
long-protracted, intense thought; for after days
had passed away, during which the Indian scur-
ried from his couch, and when his daughter
watched over him, without being allowed, how-
ever, to minister to his comfort, expecting each
breath would be his last, the old man would lift
himself suddenly from the earth, the dark eye
would kindle with its ancient fire, and his step
seem firm as ever. His brethren looked on
him with awe, and his words were regarded as
the words of a demon that haunted him, and his return
to health was always the occasion of a festival with
the tribe, in which the medicine man sometimes
though not frequently joined; and notwith-
standing the severity and deep solemnity of his
manner, his presence at the feast never failed to
give new life and energy to the dance; more
loudly rang out the war-song, and wilder were
the impulses against which he struggled.

"He had triumphed over the evil spirit, and
his brethren doubted not but any undertaking
which should immediately commence would be
successful; and consequently, they were seldom
disappointed.

"After the war with the whites had commenced,
the chiefs of several tribes joined in these
midnight feasts, and the spirits that were
with them from these secret assemblies, diffused
among their people, served them to deeds of
desperate daring.

"Terrible rites, it is said, were performed at
these feasts. At the last one at which the medi-
cine man presided, a goblet, filled with a blood
red liquid, was passed from one lip to another.

"Most likely the drink was not what the chiefs
supposed it to be; the daughter of the medicine
man, who secretly made herself acquainted with
the affairs of her father, and unknown to him,
defeated many of his purposes, believed that in
offering that draught to the revellers, as on
many other occasions, he practised deception on
them.

"But his own blood was poured out before
them, and an arrow dipped in it was placed in
the hand of every chief.

"What for the first time happened, however,
after one of these meetings, the Indians were
not successful in fight. The ambushes that
they had laid with so much care was come upon
very suddenly and unexpectedly by their ene-
mies, and there was a terrible slaughter of the
red men. Many of the chiefs fell, some before
they had struck down an enemy, even though
they held that charmed arrow in their hands;
and despair seized the hearts of those who
escaped.

"For the first time, a doubt of the power of
Rising Sun entered their minds; and in a council
of his braves, which the chief of a small, but
heretofore brave and warlike tribe called to-
gether after that bloody skirmish, he kindled in
his suspicion that the medicine man was more
friendly to the pale faces than to his brethren,
and that, if he possessed the power generally be-
lieved to be his, the tribe should have nothing
more to do with their neighbors. It was better,
the chief thought, that they should leave the
hunting grounds of their fathers, and journey
towards the setting sun, and struggle long
against the fate which seemed to threaten them
if they remained where they were. The reason
he gave for entertaining this suspicion against
Rising Sun, was the impossibility—he thought
it—of the discovery of their ambushes by their
enemies, had not some clue to it been given
them; and he felt sure there was no Indian ac-
quainted with the purposes of the warriors who
after that bloody skirmish, he kindled in them
betray them, were he not deterred from the crime
by any other consideration. His warriors ap-
proved his words, and the tribe was commencing
preparations for a removal from the grounds
they had so long occupied, when information of
their proceedings reached the ear of Black Hawk.

"The tribe, it has been said, was small; but
its character was such, that it excited a great in-
fluence over its neighbors; and its removal, the
chief thought, would be followed by that of sev-
eral larger tribes; and a diminution of his
forces in the present emergency was not to be
thought of. It was necessary, therefore, to re-
inspire the Indians with confidence in the power
and good faith of the medicine man; and a
messenger was sent to him by Black Hawk to
request that he would call another council of
chiefs, promising that he would himself come at
the summons of Rising Sun.

"The messenger found the old Indian at his
wigwam, in which he had shut himself up after
that massacre of his brethren; but such a change
had taken place in him during those few days,
that they who knew him best would scarcely
have recognized him.

"For some time he refused to see the mes-
senger of Black Hawk in terms which his daughter
saw it not fit to repeat; but after much entreaty
he walked out of the wigwam, and seating him-
self beside his father's grave, listened to the
words of the chief. But the messenger waited
in vain, until the sun had gone down, and late
into the night for an answer to carry back to
his master. The old Indian returned not a word.
He lay extended upon the ground with his face
buried in the tall grass, as motionless as if dead,
and as silent; only at intervals of many minutes
a long, deep-drawn sigh escaped his lips. But
terrible thoughts were passing through his mind,
for when the messenger had left him, and he be-
lieved himself alone, Wee-no-na, who alarmed
his spirit, came forth, silently towards him, and
bent her head close to his, caught from his lips
words of fearful import. She hoped they were
but the ravings of insanity, but when some hours
longer had passed, he rose from the cold earth
and put on his moccasins, as Wee-no-na looked
in his face, she saw in the morning light that his
madness was gone, but in the calm, fixed gaze
of that dark eye, there was something more
dreadful still—the conviction of the purpose of
which he had unconsciously spoken.

"My father!" exclaimed the young squaw,
timidly, as she sprang towards him and laid her
hand gently on his arm—"look! far away over
the prairie do you see that the sunlight is fall-
ing brightly, while around the wigwams of our
people the shadow is still resting? The Great
Spirit smiles upon the white man; who can
change his blessing to a curse? Let the pale
face and the red man be brethren; and let the
children of the Great Spirit deal justly with
the white brother as they deal with each other.
Let him not buy again with his blood what his
money has already purchased!"

"The old Indian turned with more of surprise
than of anger towards his daughter, who perhaps
had never, in her lifetime addressed him in such
length before; but so intimated was she at the
expression of his eyes that she shrank away
from his side, and her father, after gazing on
her with increasing astonishment for some mo-
ments, bade her seek the dwelling of the chief
of the tribe, and remain there until his return,
as he might be absent from his wigwam for
some days, and it would be unsafe for her to re-
main there alone; and then he turned away and
left the wigwam.

"Most likely, though Wee-no-na had never left
her father's side, it was a form strange to him
which he gazed on. He had hated, despised
and feared the child even in her earliest infancy,
and in moments of partial insanity she had
seemed the demon which he really believed
haunted him, and his ever averted eyes saw
not how the lapse of years had changed to per-
fect health and the most charming grace and
beauty, that awkward, fragile form; while from
year to year he had spoken less and less fre-
quently to her, till at length he scarcely ever ad-
dressed her. Very little of his life, except the
periods when he was afflicted with mental or
bodily illness, were spent by him in the wigwam,
and then the timid young squaw sat on the floor
of the dwelling, braiding the soft, delicate mat-
ting which adorned the walls. She had never
dressed her father's meat, nor prepared his couch;
her attempts sometimes to do so had so inced-
ed and terrified him that at length she entirely
desisted in her efforts to serve him.

"But there was one who had gazed on the
form of that Indian girl who believed it possi-
ble of every grace, and who had learned to love
that gentle, trusting heart, as much as he admired
her beauty.

It had been a year since Henry McDonough,
a young man who had just completed a course
of medical study in New York, visited Illinois
for the purpose of continuing his studies with
some of the justly celebrated Indian doctors of
that region. He was referred to the father of
Wee-no-na. The old Indian was absent from
the dwelling when the young man presented him-
self at the wigwam, and having heard something
of the character of Rising Sun, he was deter-
mined to examine the interior of that mysterious
cabin; and consequently, he understood none of
the depressing looks and gestures of Wee-no-na,
but entered boldly into the dwelling.

"His next visit was intentionally in the ab-
sence of the old Indian, and it was not solely
for the purpose of examining the wigwam that
the young man came; and instead of the study
of medicine, it was the study of that Indian
girl's heart which he pursued there; and while
he sought to improve her intellect, he endeavor-
ed to teach her to return the pure, deep affection
which he had inspired in his breast for the poor,
neglected, unloved Wee-no-na. It was not dif-
ficult to learn her this, the consequence of
that teaching was not what the young man had
expected it would be. She would not leave her
father, notwithstanding his unkindness to her;
she would only promise that when her people
were compelled to leave their wigwams, she
would not go in her heart as far as they, and
the young man, seeing that time was not far distant,
for the war was already commenced between
the whites and the Indians, contented himself

"The medicine man, it has been said, left his
wigwam early in the morning. He had wrapped
himself in the parti-colored blanket he had
worn since the war commenced when going into
the settlements of the whites; his moccasins
were such as were put on when a long journey
was continued, and suspended from his neck
by a thong, was a pouch of dried wild-cat skin
containing medicinal herbs and roots. His left
arm, which was marked with many mysterious
characters, was bound around with the skin of a
rattle-snake just stripped from the reptile, with
the head dangling from it; and in the right
hand was carried a twisted hazel rod which he
had cut with much ceremony, while he uttered
words the import of which the Indians of Wee-
no-na could not understand, from a dwarf tree
beside his father's grave.

"It was no uncommon thing for him to wear
that horrid symbol upon his arm, but Wee-no-na
had never seen that sacred shrub mutilated
before. The plant had sprung up beside the
spot which his father of the medicine man had
chosen for his grave, and in proportion as it
grew, the strength of the old Indian diminished.

"It is my life which feeds it," he said to his
son. "Thy father will not go to the spirit-land
while his stay here will benefit thee. When the
cloud is around thee, Rising Sun, let thy head
rest beneath the branches of this tree; it will be
the arms of thy father which are outstretched
above thee, in a peaceful and in proportion as
of thy decay leaves, and new life and strength
shall be given thee! and when danger is near
thee, cut thee a wand from the tree and walk
forth towards the east; and before the sap has
dried up in the branch, and the leaves have fallen
on to the earth, thy bitterest enemy shall stand
before thee; and wherever thy thought would
send thee, thine will be thy footsteps turn!"

"Other had the head of the medicine man
rested beneath the shadow of that thick shrub,
and it was a decoction of its dewy leaves which
many times had so mysteriously restored the
strength which seemed utterly to have been lost;
but never before had a branch been taken from
the shrub, for the medicine man most likely
found that a dismemberment of it might cause
his father terrible sickness. But now a wound
had been taken, and Rising Sun walked forth to
the east.

"The long, bright summer-day passed to Wee-
no-na slowly and tediously away. Fearful
thoughts were continually recurring to her mind,
which her utmost endeavors were not able to
banish. She was well assured that her father
was involved in a desperate deed, and that he
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BY JOLINDA CLIFFORD.

Should hopes that you cherished be blasted at morn,
 Can you fancy this gladness will be o'er you dawn;
 O may it be cause that a woman's unwept,
 But fervently uttered, 'tis all for the best!

Should friends you love best, far away from thee go,
 And a thought fill thy heart that you'll ne'er meet below
 Still let no repinings e'er enter thy breast;
 'Tis thy Father's good pleasure, and all's for the best.

Should those who with smiles made thy pathway recur
 Now,
 In heartless indifference turn coldly away,
 Sign not for their friendship, 'twill ne'er make thee blest
 But look on above and say, all's for the best!

BY FRANCIS A. DURIYAGE.

"Sarah," said the young man, "I do not know whether I'm glad or sorry to meet you again, but it will be so long before I see you again."

present from yours luvvin til deth doe us part
SARAH WILLIAMS.

Maybury could not help contrasting the p
girl's phonographic letter with such a one as

"You fairly gave me the slip. And now, answer me—what brought you up into the house?"

connecting lines given. The power of retention in this person's memory was most remarkable as the above named facts abundantly prove.

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